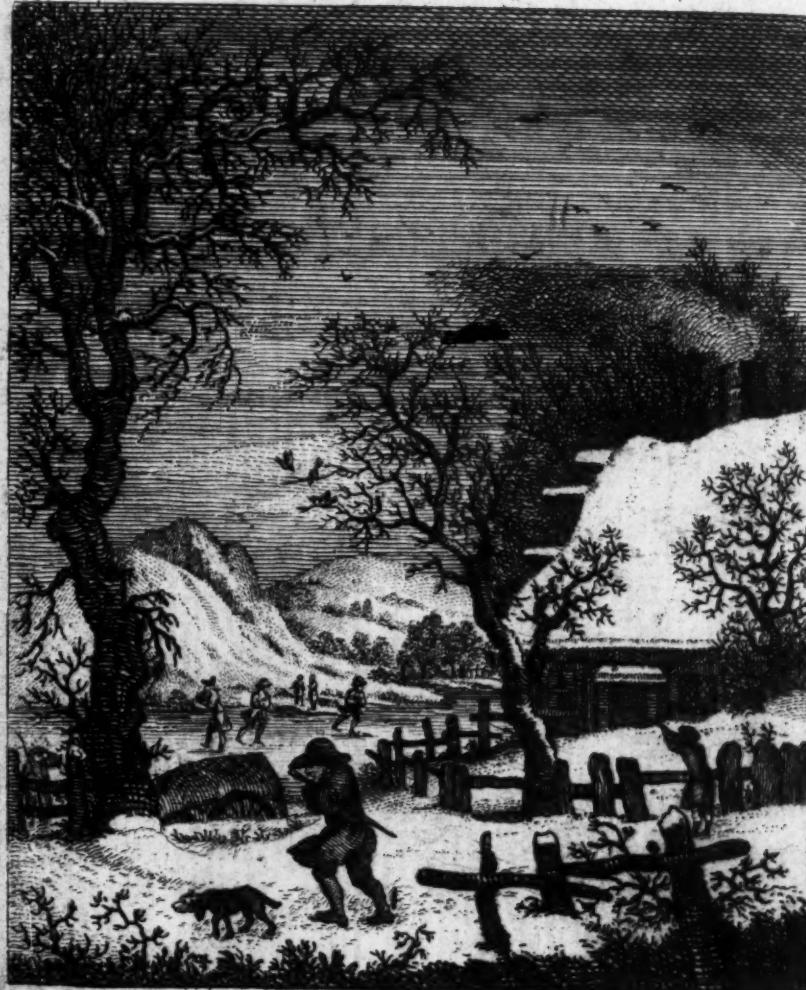


*Winters Spaziergang.*

WINTER.



*Winters Spaziergang.*

WINTER.

THE  
SEASONS:  
AUTUMN AND WINTER.

P O E M.

CONTAINING,  
*A short Review of each Season; but more  
particular of Winter, and its Severity.*

With some Remarks upon the CALAMITIES,  
which happened to many Persons, by the  
great Depth of SNOW, in 1776.

A L S O

A Humorous and True Description of FROST-  
FAIR, as kept upon the River THAMES,  
near Westminster-Bridge, in the Year 1739—40;  
and of two other remarkable Hard Frosts, &c.

---

Seed-Time and Harvest, Summer and Winter, shall not cease.  
Gen. viii. 22.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for, and Sold by J. WAKELIN, No. 3, in King's  
Head-Court, Shoe-Lane; and J. WILLIAMS, No. 39,  
near the Mitre-Tavern, Fleet-Street.

Shortly will be published,

**A** DESCRIPTION of the other two SEASONS, viz. Spring, Summer; or, the whole four stitched together, with two Copper-Plates. Price Four-pence.

The Third EDITION.

First Printed in the Year 1740, now corrected and much enlarged by the same Author.





A

## DESCRIPTION

OF

## AUTUMN AND WINTER.

### *AUTUMN; or the Riches of the Year.*

NO more the sweetness of the blooming Spring, •  
No more of Summer's gaudy pride I sing;  
But richer stores describe in alter'd lays,  
As milder Autumn's varied scenes I trace.  
The yellow harvest nodding o'er the ground,  
Of diff'rent sorts, by bounteous Ceres crown'd;  
With joy the farmer views his fields, afar,  
And calls his soldiers to the sylvan war.  
Soon as the morn peeps from the eastern sky,  
And night's dim curtains down to westward fly,  
Before the ripen'd field, in fair array,  
Eager to prove the labour of the day,  
The Reapers stand; first view with careful eyes  
The corn; to see which way th' advantage lies:  
The ablest man then claims the foremost place,  
Lord of the band, begins the cheerful race. •

A

Now

Now all proceed, and swell the lusty sheaves,  
 Eager at first, each breast for vict'ry heaves ;  
 • With nimble pace their crooked weapons move,  
 Strain ev'ry nerve as stroke for stroke they give.  
 With rural tales the hours unheaded fly,  
 • Till all the slaughter'd fields in ruin lie.

The master joyful strides across the plains,  
 Shocks up the sheaves, and hopes his future gains ;  
 With conscious glance oft casts his eyes around,  
 Where prattling gleaners sweep the stubble-ground :  
 Then waits intent, till cheerful from afar,  
 His whistling swains appear with rattling car ;  
 The sight of which creates a pleasing joy,  
 And then for loading each their strength employ.  
 • Thus bless'd is he that looketh to the Lord,  
 • And nothing shall he want, for back or board.

The humble barn is now with plenty stow'd,  
 And joyful home they bear the latest load.  
 The harvest in, and every thing compleat,  
 The master bids them to the annual treat ;  
 • Where decent plenty crowns the jovial board,  
 With the best food the village can afford ;  
 Their cares to lessen, and their minds to cheer,  
 The foaming goblet flows with humming beer :  
 Then hearty laughs and rural jests go round,  
 • Their toils forgot, with joy their labour crown'd.

Now milder *August Julius'* heat succeeds,  
 • And in the new-shorn fields the partridge feeds.  
 The vig'rous swains the thickest Woods beset,  
 Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.  
 Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,  
 Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds ;  
 And when the tainted gales the game betray,  
 • Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey :

'Till

'Till hov'ring o'er them, far extended lies  
 The swelling net, they seize the dainty prize.  
 Or if by chance they from the covert spring,  
 And mount exulting on triumphant wing,  
 Short is their joy ; they feel the fiery wound,  
 Flutt'ring in blood, they panting beat the ground.  
 More cruel yet the sport of those appear  
 Who trace the mazes of the timorous *Hare* ;  
 The checquer'd morn e'er *Sol* reveals his face  
 Invites the sportsmen to the pleasing chace.  
 The twanging horn's shrill note re-echo's round,  
 While eager steeds o'er hills and vallies bound ;  
 And now poor puss is caught, the chace is done,  
 Men, horse, and dogs, with slacken'd pace return :  
 Yet with triumphant joy, all seem t' appear,  
 They've caught ! Alas ! A poor defendless *Hare*.  
 O barb'rous sport ! with more delight, my muse,  
 Alive and well, each happy native views.

Hence, quickly bear me to yon hazel-glade,  
 Where curling wood-bines weave a knotty shade,  
 Where winding brooks pour down the steepy dale,  
 And pass in rapid force from vale to vale :  
 Thither, in haste, ye happy nymphs, repair,  
 The fruitful wood-lands now invite you there ;  
 Where, 'midst the shade, your lover plucks for you,  
 The clust'ring store from off the fruitful bough ;  
 Or shakes them ripen'd from the yielding hulls,  
 Brown as your hair the glossy shower falls ;  
 Then on some mossy bank supinely plac'd,  
 With pleasing chat you share the scaly feast\*.

Hence from the busy joy, resounding fields,  
 Where mingled mirth much satisfaction yields  
 To all : to me, still unconfid'd, I'll trace  
 The sweets of Autumn in her richer maze ;

Whose mantling stores the iv'ry brim o'erflow,  
And plenty fills her wealthy lap below ;

- Where blushing fruits of most delicious taste,  
By sun-beams kiss'd, the laden boughs are grac'd :  
Here juicy grapes on twisting branches crawl,  
There downy peaches glow against the wall ;  
The bloomy plumb assumes a purple hue,
- And ruddy nect'rins tempt the trav'ller's view.  
The dainty feast the greedy peasant eyes,  
Against the wall th' assisting ladder plies ;  
The luscious fruit from off the branch he crops,
- While some too ripe, for want of picking, drops.

Happy the swain who lives a rural life,  
In humble cott, secure from noise and strife,  
Far from the tumults of the jarring town,

- Where ceaseless clamours ev'ry pleasure drown.  
Whose fields with bread, whose flocks at once afford,  
Sufficient plenty for his back and board.  
He lives above the angry frowns of fate,  
Beneath the cares that 'tend upon the great ;  
No guilty love annoys his peaceful breast,  
Nor thoughts of lawless gain disturbs his rest ;  
Lays down in quiet, does as cheerful rise,
- And pays to heav'n his early sacrifice.

Oh Being ! all sufficient ! over all !  
Inrich me with the knowledge of thy will,  
And while thy rolling wonders here I trace,

- Give me that richer knowledge of thy grace :  
So when my end, my fixed end draws near,  
Caught up above, thy greater wonders there,  
I shall with ceaseless adoration see ;
- And praise a Triune God, to all eternity.



# W I N T E R.

*A true Description of its Severity, in the  
YEAR 1776.*

**N**OW Winter comes, prone o'er the barren  
plains,

- Sullen and sad, with all his shiv'ring trains ; *close to Thomas*
- From northern climes congenial horrors rise ;
- Thick clouds and vapours shroud the gloomy skies :
- The bleak North-east, o'er Epping-Forest pours
- His furious blasts, with strong impetuous show'rs
- Of sleet, or rain, drove on with rapid pace,
- And deeply wounds the tugging traveller's face.
- On every side, most altered scenes appear,
- And fierce *Aquarius* stains th' inverted year. *several days*
- All nature shrinks beneath th' oppressive weight,
- And distant Phœbus yields no chearing heat.
- The fields and meads, which late appear'd so green,
- Are now become a rude disrobed scene ;
- Roots, plants, and herbs, have their true virtue lost,
- And leafless Trees are tipp'd with silver frost.
- The groves are still ; the pretty warbling throngs,
- Benumb'd with cold, neglect their tuneful songs ;
- To seek their food, now many miles they fly,
- While some more bold to man's abode draw nigh,
- Looking to find some scatter'd morsels there,
- Soon meet the slaught'ring gun, or treacherous  
snare.

- With icy chains each lake and river's bound,  
And chrystral fountains cease their bubbling sound.  
The hills and vales and the delightful plains,  
The late resort of rural nymphs and swains,  
By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,
- And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.  
For many a league the bright enamel'd main  
Displays itself into a glassy plain ;  
Here vent'rous youths o'er frozen billows throng,
- And there the nimble scaters wave along ;  
Fix'd on the polish'd steel they smoothly glide,  
Less swift the gally cuts the foaming tide.

Now piercing winds and storms of snow and hail,  
Blow furious on, in driving sheets assail,  
Thick, and more thick, the feather'd meteor flies,

- Snows swell on snows, to silver'd mountains rise.  
Deep pits fill'd up, a level doth appear,  
And heedless trav'lers, fall into the snare.  
Stage-coaches, waggons, chaise, and horsemen too, }  
Their wonted journey willing to pursue,
- O'erset, and buried in the lucid snow \*. }  
Some vent'ring on too far, and found too late,  
Frozen to death ! a dire and dreadful fate !  
Such the alarming tales where-e'er you go,
- God's judgments felt abroad, death clad in snow.  
On every side distress increases sore,  
But greater the distresses of the poor.

---

\* Great numbers of stage-coaches and waggons, with their passengers from different parts of the country, were all obliged to stop on the roads for several days, by reason of the snow, which had been in some places ten and twelve feet deep ; and several people fallen into pits and ditches, were found frozen to death.

The

The flocks and herds, and pretty bleating lambs,  
 So deep in snow, they scarce can find their dams ;  
 The rustick labourers who abroad pursue  
 Their daily callings, they can nothing do ;  
 The deepen'd ground, by snow and ice congeal'd,  
 Is now become a dead sepulchred field ;  
 For food and warmth, both young and ancient  
 cry,  
 And unreliev'd, do many pine and die.  
 Yet some there are (bless God) whose hand and  
 heart,  
 Of their abundance, willingly impart  
 To the distresses of the needy poor :  
 May God an hundred fold increase their store !  
 Bless'd in this world, and in the world to come,  
 May they receive a blessed welcome home.

Commending these to Heav'n, in earnest pray'r,  
 Towards London city, now I shall repair,  
 Survey her streets and lanes as I pass through,  
 Disguis'd by snow, and in a frightful hue,  
 Exceeding rough, and very dangerous too.  
 So slipp'ry grown, that few could stand upright,  
 Some broke their limbs, and some were kill'd out-right.  
 The frost increases still, the air severe,  
 Work very scarce, provisions very dear,  
 And many saw a woeful ruin near.  
 Each changing moon, we hope the frost will move,  
 Yet these our hopes too oft abortive prove ;  
 The distant sun withdrawn his feeble rays,  
 Ten thousand glowing lights the night displays.

\* A great number of charitable donations this severe season, worthy to be had in remembrance, was distributed and given away, to the great relief of many hundred of poor distressed families.

The planet Jupiter <sup>a</sup>, with glitt'ring light,  
 • Appears a blazing star, exceeding bright,  
 And meets with pleasing wonder too, our sight.  
 While the pale moon her fainter beams display,  
 Silver'd the gentle Thames with trembling ray ;  
 • The north-east wind, with keener fury blows,  
 And every lake and stream yet harder froze.

Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,  
 The ruddy morn discover'd to our view,  
 The fall of nature, in a rich disguise,  
 And brighten'd every object to our eyes.  
 For ev'ry shrub, and ev'ry blade of grass,  
 • And ev'ry pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass.  
 In pearls and rubies rich, the hawthorns show,  
 • While thro' the ice the crimson berries glow.  
 The thick sprung reeds, the flabby marshes yield,  
 Seem polish'd lances in a hostile field.  
 The stag in limpid currents with surprize,  
 Sees chrystral branches on his forehead rise.  
 The spreading oak, the beach, and tow'ring pine,  
 • Glaz'd over, in the freezing æther shine.  
 The frightened birds the rattling branches shun,  
 That wave and glisten in the distant sun.  
 When if a sudden gust of wind arise,  
 The brittle forest into atoms flies :  
 • A spangled shower from every tree descends,  
 And the bright scene in costly ruin ends.

---

<sup>a</sup> The superior planet Jupiter, which appeared so magnificent, from the East in Jan. 1776, was said by our Astronomers, to be 270 million of miles nearer our earth, than it would be in June following ; moving in his orbit at the rate of 25 thousand miles every hour. Also, his satellites, were very plainly seen through a Telescope.

• Or if a southern gale the region warm,  
And by degrees unbinds the wint'ry charm,  
The trav'ller then a miry country sees,  
• And journeys sad beneath the dropping trees.

Now moist *Arcturus* clouds the azure sky,  
And woods, and fields, our pleasing toils deny :  
To plains, with well-breath'd beagles, we repair,  
• And trace the mazes of the tim'rous hare.  
Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,  
And learn of man each other to undo. .

With slaught'ring gun th' unwary'd fowler roves  
Where frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves ;  
There Birds in flocks the leafless trees o'erspread,  
And lonely woodcocks haunt the watry glade ;  
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye,  
A short-liv'd thunder breaks the frozen sky ;  
The flut'ring mark soon feel the leaden death,  
Welt'ring in blood, resign their feeble breath.  
Soon from the fields the loaden'd swains return,  
• To well-piled hearths where glowing billets  
    burn ;

And boast the product of the slaught'ring gun.  
Each jocund friend, the converse to refine  
With social jest, puts round the sparkling wine,  
Due mirth t' infuse in every generous soul,  
And crown the glass, and fill the flowing bowl.  
The rigid season now they quite forget,  
Recount their toils, and warm'd with genial heat,  
Unheeded hear the ruffling storm aloof,  
Pour down impetuous o'er the humble roof.  
• Thus, O my soul ! may'st thou a shelter find, •  
• From all the storms of life's tempestuous wind ;  
• Safe in the realms above, to rest secure,  
• Where pain ne'er comes, but endless joys en-  
    dure.'

Now

Now have I traced the shifting seasons round,  
 Gay flowry *Spring*, hot *Summer* richly crown'd ;  
 Declining *Autumn* deck'd with fading green,  
 And hoary *Winter*, closes up the scene.  
 So swift the fleeting seasons pass away,  
 And nothing here continues at one stay.  
 From hence let us, our coming end descry,  
 As round, and round, the varying seasons fly :  
 That moving pow'r, which first produc'd the  
 whole,  
 To ev'ry thing has fix'd a certain goal :  
 Thither all tend, and must their circles run,  
 For such the order, when the whole begun :  
 As day succeeds the night, and night the setting-  
 sun.  
 Ye happy few, who have unshaken stood,  
 The varied storms of life ; to you 'tis good  
 Still to endure ; your wellcome end draws near,  
 When scenes more bright and glorious will appear,  
 The storms of *Winter* quickly will be past,  
 And one eternal *Spring* encircle all at last.





## A Description of the HARD FROST,

*In the Year 1739—40; when a Fair was kept on the  
THAMES, near Westminster-Bridge.*

HAVING describ'd, in the foregoing page, Dread Winter usher'd in with furious rage; When the North wind, with cutting blasts arose, And cover'd all the plains with swelling snows; Scenes still more striking now I shall declare, The strange productions of that frozen year, When Thames's gentle stream was closely bound With icy bars, no bottom to be found: On Christmas-Eve, as I remember well, After some show'rs of rain, and sleet, and hail; From bleak North-east arose a piercing breeze<sup>h</sup>, And the fair rolling stream began to freeze, In three sharp nights and days, or somewhat more, The THAMES, 'bove London-Bridge, was frozen o'er. Full two long months had now increasing been, Harder and harder prov'd; a rueful scene;

---

<sup>h</sup> This frost began on Christmas-Eve, and continued increasing harder, till the 16th of February, when it began to thaw, and by the 20th, was quite navigable again.

In 1776, it began to freeze on Twelfth-Night, and held till February 1st, excessive cold; and our streets exceeding dangerous, both for men and horse.

Two other remarkable hard Frosts, viz. in the year 1683, which lasted thirteen weeks, when both carts and coaches went over the Thames, below London-Bridge, &c. Again, in 1716, was so hard a Frost that two oxen were roasted whole on the ice, booths, and stalls erected, and things sold, from the beginning of January to the end of February.

Here,

Here, boats and barges, jamm'd together lay ;  
 • Ice pil'd on ice, most frightful sights display.  
 The fields and gardens every where around,  
 Become a stubborn and a fruitless ground.  
 Roots, plants, and herbs, had all their flavour lost,  
 • Congeal'd to ice, and harden'd by the frost.  
 Each shifting wind, we hop'd, the Frost to move ;  
 The fickle winds still unsuccesful prove.  
 We count the changes of the silver moon ;  
 But Cynthia riding in her highest noon,  
 Still baffl'd all our hopes, the gazing swains  
 • See nought but glitt'ring stars, and freezing plains.

But leaving these, my Muse, let us repair,  
 • And take a view of Thames's Frosty fair ;  
 Mark well the icy plain, from side to side,  
 Where late she pour'd along her silver tide ;  
 My curious fancy lead me in the cold,  
 This rude unusual prospect to behold,  
 • That I the tale might tell, when I grow old.

Here tents and booths of diff'rent forms appear,  
 The strange production of this frozen year ;  
 Here some are boozing, some at skittles play,  
 • And there the steady scaters wave their way ;  
 All sorts of trades, shoes, hats, and wooden ware,  
 Gloves, fans, and ribbons, for the Ladies fair.  
 With gilded toys, and silver trinkets new,  
 For citizens, their wives and daughters too.  
 • There pickled herring (bauling) cries, Step in ;  
 The famous Yates just going to begin.  
 And there a Printer stands, We'll print your names,  
 To keep in mem'ry of the frozen Thames :  
 With many more, too tedious to relate,  
 • Heaven keep us all from such another Fate.  
 This having seen, I homeward did retire  
 To warm my frozen limbs, by a good glowing fire.

## The Fox and SQUIRREL;

OR THE

## BITER BIT. A Fable.

A S thro' a wood in search of prey  
 A hungry Fox pursu'd his way,  
 There prying round he chanc'd to see  
 A little Squirrel on a Tree ;  
 And to attain the dainty bit,  
 Exerted all his subtle wit :  
 Aloft he cast his greedy eyes,  
 Like an Optician, when he spies  
 Through telescope the starry skies.  
 Then turn'd his body with such graces,  
 As Courtiers when they cringe for places.  
 To sooth this little creature's pride,  
 The artful flatt'rer thus apply'd ;  
 " Most sprightly fair, Good morning t'ye,  
 " Pray how d'ye do ? I'm glad to see ye,  
 " Thou pretty little nimble creature,  
 " Of Squirrels none was ere compleater ;  
 " The picture of thy Sire, I trow,  
 " Whom I have seen leap to and fro,  
 " With wanton ease, from tree to tree :—  
 " And so can I, replied she."  
 Thus prompted by his subtle chat,  
 She leapt from this tree safe to that.—  
 Reynard was baffled here ('tis plain)  
 But yet resolv'd to try again ;  
 'Twas bravely done, quoth he, I vow,  
 How wide the space ! how high the bough !  
 And farther distant spy'd a stump,  
 Quoth he, your Sire to that could jump.

Not

Not thinking any danger nigh,  
 She was again induced to try ;  
 So sprang, but tumbl'd from the top,  
 And Reynard nimbly snatch'd her up.  
 There trembling in his jaws she lay,  
 And struggling try'd to get away ;  
 But fearing the attempt in vain,  
 I'm caught, quoth she, and must be slain ;  
 Yet I've a thought come in my head,  
 Will save my life, if I succeed.  
 (A simple thought by chance may hit,  
 And biters sometimes may be bit.)

Pray hear me, neighbour Fox, quoth she,  
 I knew your ancient family,  
 Devout they were, and never eat,  
 But said their grace before their meat.

Old Reynard paus'd these words to hear,  
 Forgetting quite his former care ;  
 To shew his breeding made reply,  
 They said their grace, and so will I ;  
 Opening his mouth his grace to say,  
 Out leap'd poor Scrug, and ran away.  
 Her little limbs she quick extended,  
 And up the tree again ascended.  
 There looking from her safe retreat,  
 Cry'd, neighbour, ho ! behold the cheat !  
 You've said your grace, but where's your meat ?  
 Ah ! Fox, quoth she, by this take warning,  
 Let me advise you from this morning,  
 (But hardly could she speak for laughter)  
 First eat your meat, your grace say after.  
 Poor Reynard nothing had to say,  
 But hung his tail, and sneak'd away.  
 Thus crafty knaves are sometimes bit,  
 • While others they attempt to cheat.

F I N I S.



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